# NUTTY

18p
IR-29p
(Inc. VAT)

EVERY SATURDAY No. 259 Jan. 26th, 1985

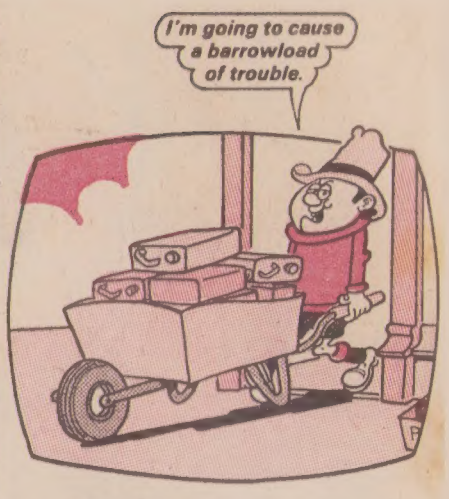
THE COMIC WITH YOUR TV STAR

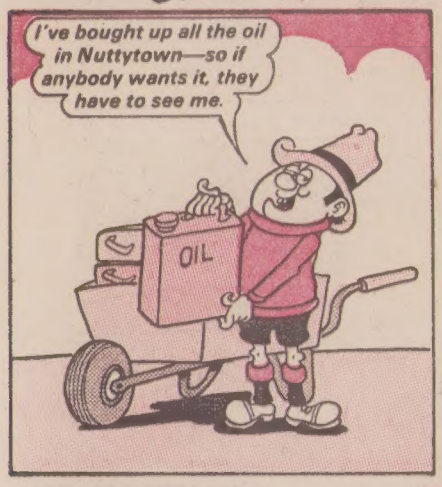

## BANANAMAN

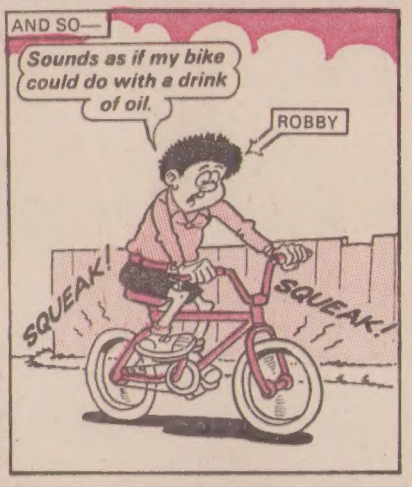
Auntie, I've got a great idea to stop Chief O'Reilly and his flat-footed friends interferin' in our crimes—listen . . .
I'm all ears, General Blight!
AND SO, AT THE COP SHOP—
I'm applyin' for the job as cook!
Great! You're hired!
LUNCHTIME—
Here's your lunch, Chief.
Mmm. Looks good. Sniff-sniff! Smells good . . .
And it tastes . . .
. . . AWFUL!
Great! I've guddled their gullets!
Hello, Nice Old Lady. I'm off to visit my friend, Chief O'Reilly.
He'll be DYING to see you, I'm sure!
CHIEF! What's happened? Your face is like a bucket of stoat's tripe!
I think that's what I ate! I've been poisoned!

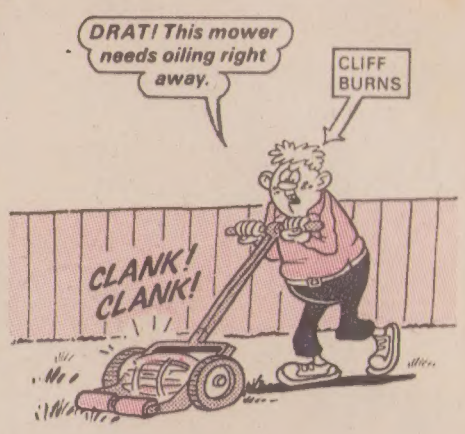
# JAY R. HOOD

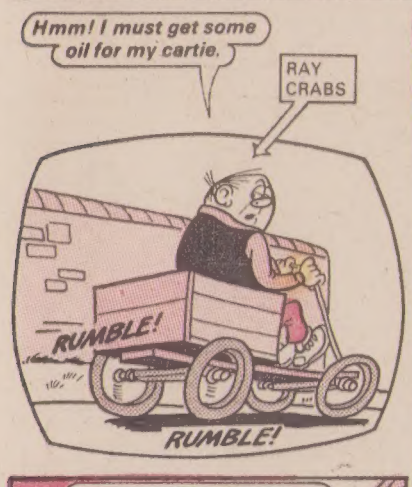
HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!

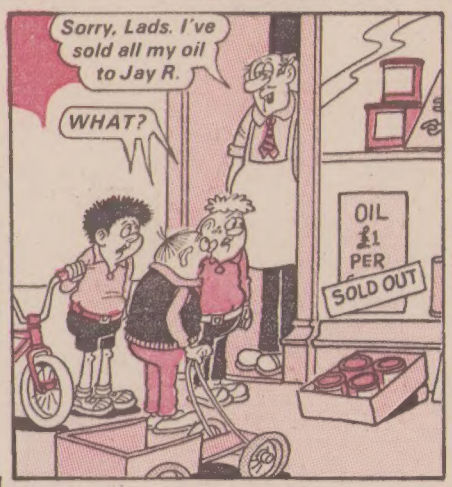


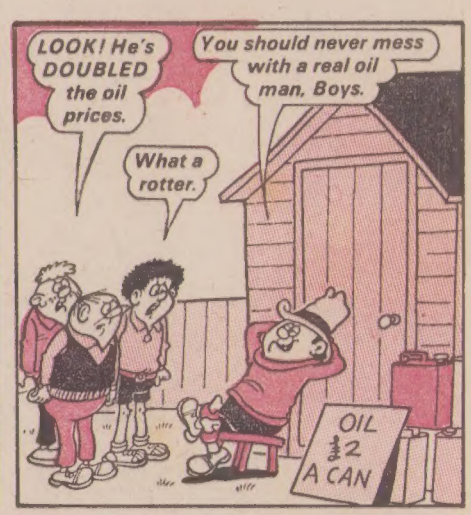



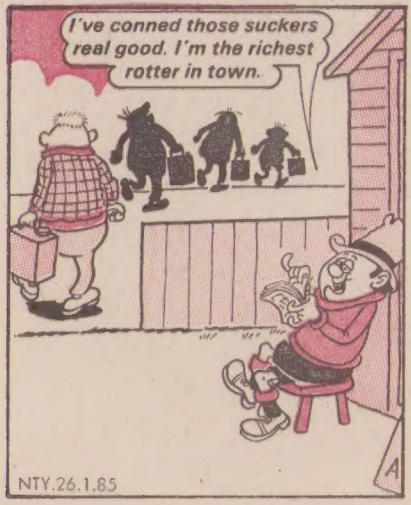



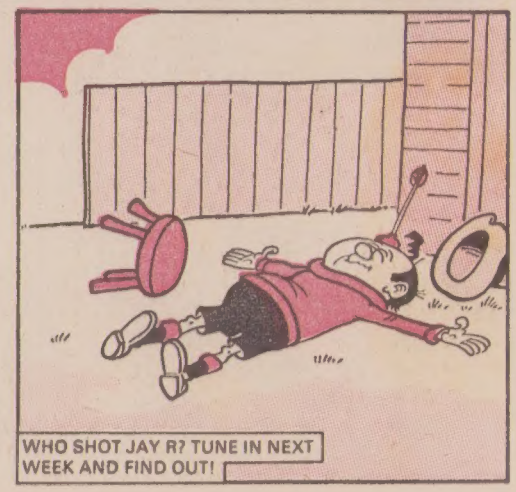





# PETER Pest

I—I'm so nervous about meeting your father, D-Doris.
TREMBLE!
Relax, Cyril. We're all going to have a nice meal.

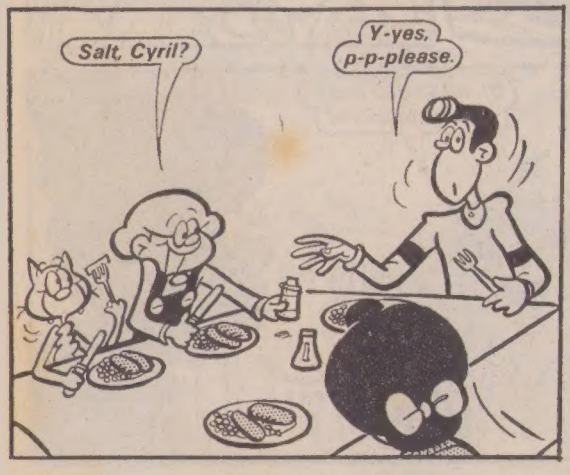
Wanna bet?

Open the lemonade, Cyril. Pass it to him, Peter.

With pleasure.
SHAKE!

Oops!
SCOOOSH!

GROWL!
Never mind, dear. It was an accident!

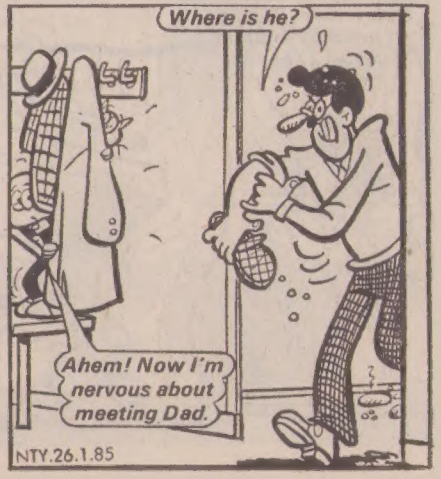

Salt, Cyril?
Y-yes, p-p-please.

Here you are.

Wait for it, Shipmates...
AAAA-
SHAKE!

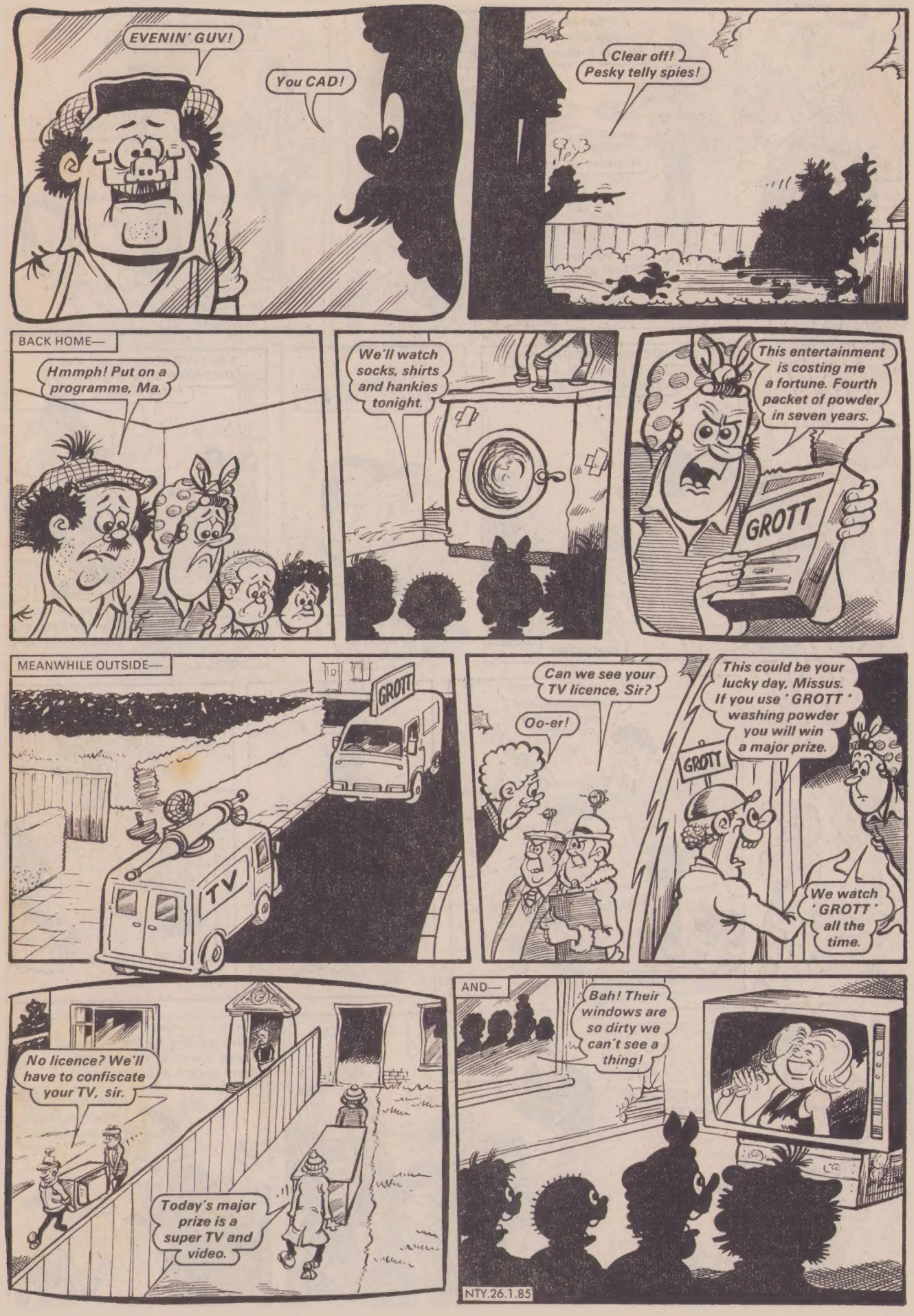
Thar he blows! Hee! Hee!
CHOOO!
BLIB!

Dad—this has all been Peter's fault. I saw him!

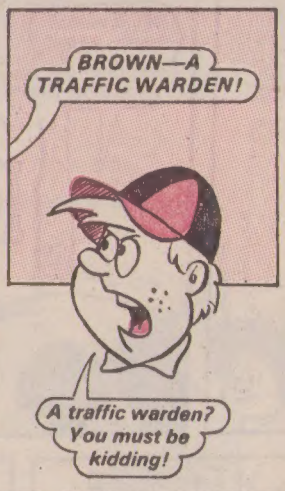

Where is he?
Ahem! Now I'm nervous about meeting Dad.
NTY.26.1.85

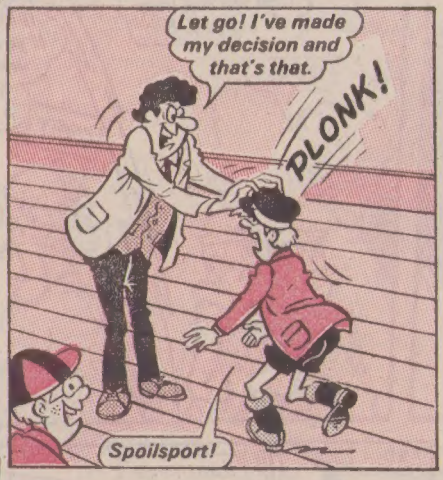
# THE SNOBBS AND THE SLOBBS

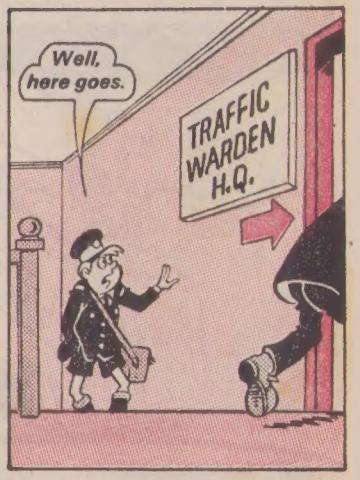
Ho-hum! We're off to see the big film.
OUTSIDE THE SNOBBS' HOUSE—
Isn't this exciting—wonder what they'll be watching tonight?
We'll watch this super home video of cousin Diane's wedding.
A home movie? Naice!
So glad one is having a quiet little wedding.
Squeak! Squeak! It's luverly—almost like me own wedding at the disused piggery!
Should be me who's cryin'!
Pip! Pip! Ices and lollies for my darlings.
Good oh!
OI, MISSUS? Have yer any to spare?
TAP! TAP!
EEK!
Now—now! Don't get in a tizzy—but I do like a choc ice.
THUD!
Surely the video isn't that bad, Dearest?
NTY.26.1.85
Th-the wi-wi-window!


EVENIN' GUV!
You CAD!
Clear off! Pesky telly spies!
BACK HOME—
Hmmph! Put on a programme, Ma.
We'll watch socks, shirts and hankies tonight.
This entertainment is costing me a fortune. Fourth packet of powder in seven years.
GROTT
MEANWHILE OUTSIDE—
GROTT
TV
Can we see your TV licence, Sir?
Oo-er!
This could be your lucky day, Missus. If you use 'GROTT' washing powder you will win a major prize.
GROTT
We watch 'GROTT' all the time.
No licence? We'll have to confiscate your TV, sir.
Today's major prize is a super TV and video.
AND—
Bah! Their windows are so dirty we can't see a thing!
NTY.26.1.85

# RON BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS



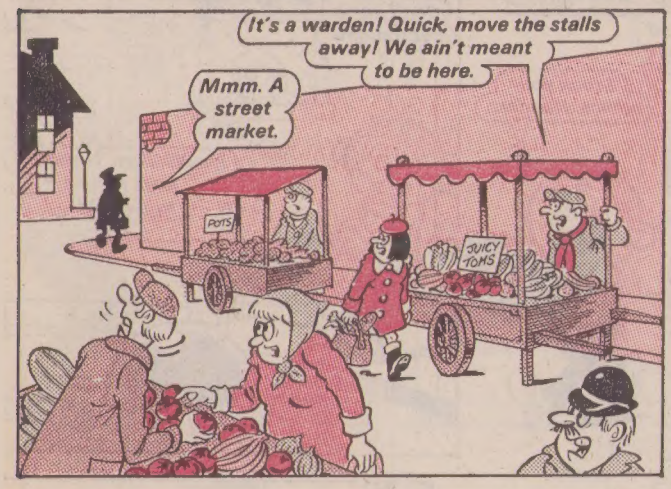


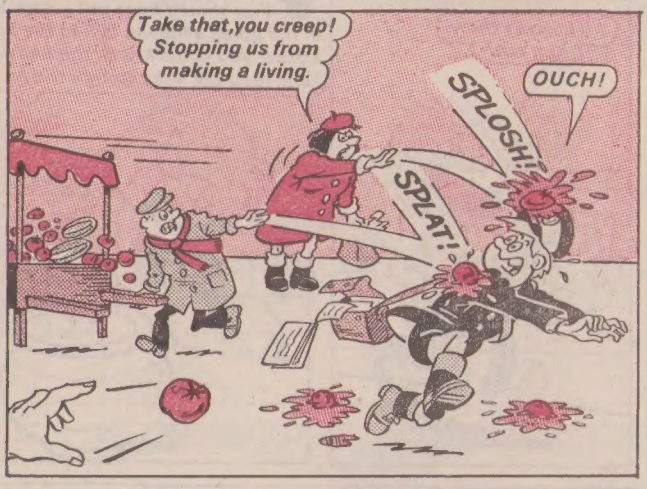


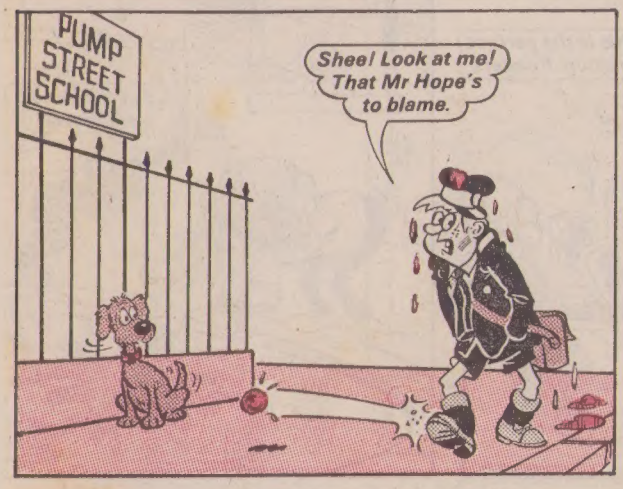
Here's your parking tickets. Give me 50p for the sweepstake. Whoever gives out the most tickets wins the money.
So that's why wardens never let anyone off.

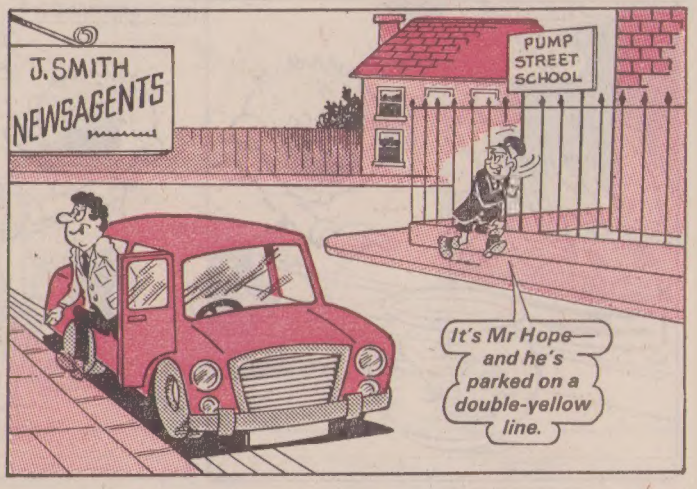
Good hunting, and remember our motto—" A ticket a day keeps the motorist away ".

I don't want to give out tickets. I want to be liked. I'll sneak off down this alley for a while.

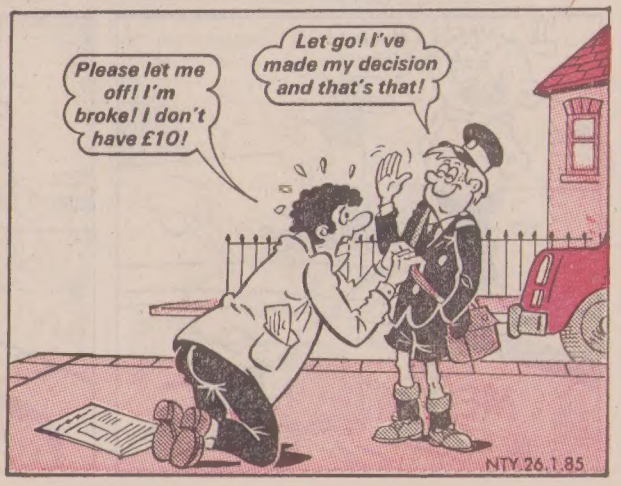

It's a warden! Quick, move the stalls away! We ain't meant to be here.
Mmm. A street market.
POTS
JUICY TOMS


Take that,you creep! Stopping us from making a living.
SPLOSH!
SPLAT!
OUCH!


PUMP STREET SCHOOL
Shee! Look at me! That Mr Hope's to blame.


J. SMITH NEWSAGENTS
PUMP STREET SCHOOL
It's Mr Hope— and he's parked on a double-yellow line.

OPEN
You're illegally parked! £10 please.
Eh? But I was only a few seconds.


Please let me off! I'm broke! I don't have £10!
Let go! I've made my decision and that's that!
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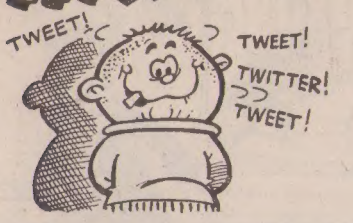
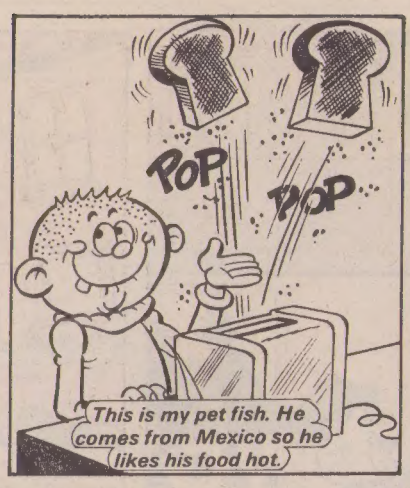
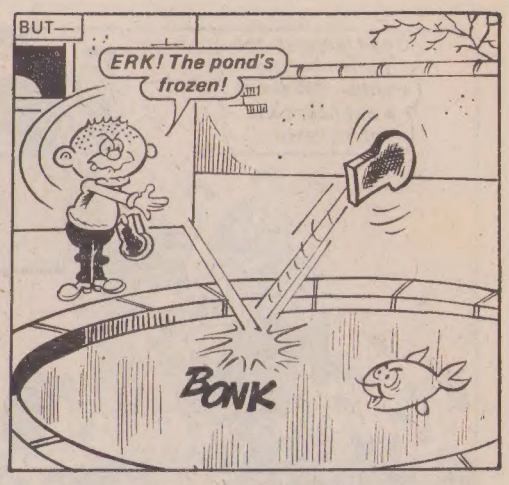
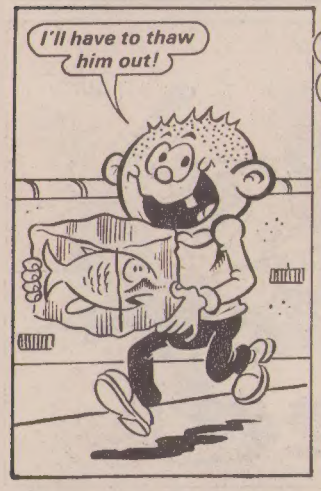
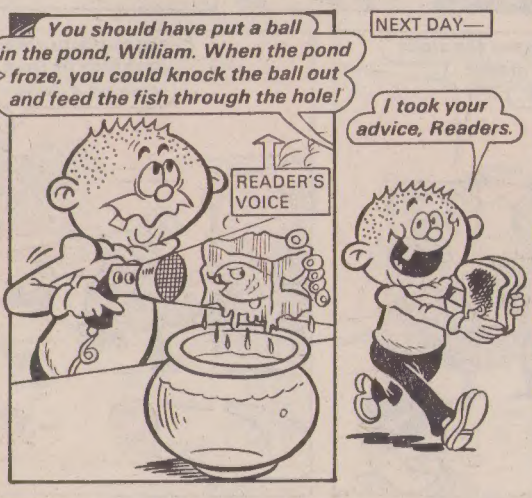
# TWEET WILLIAM

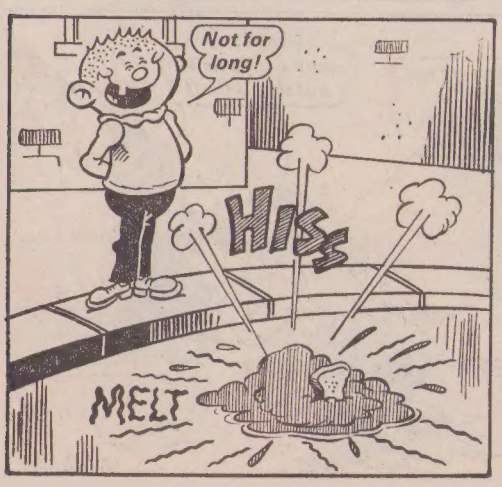


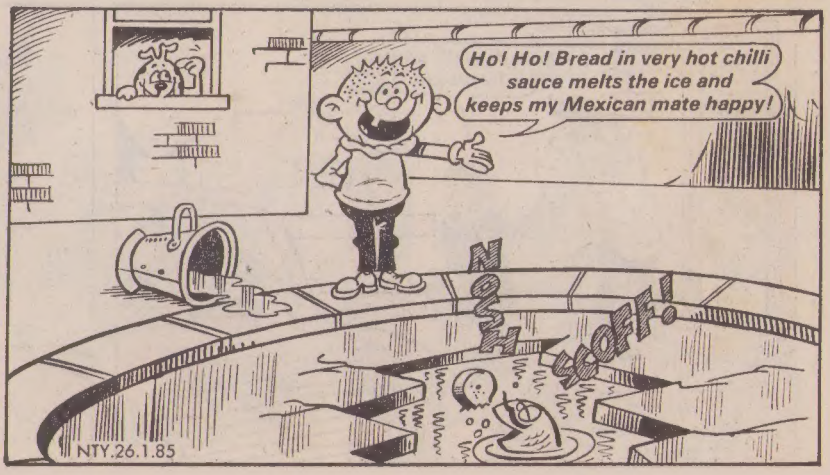





You should have put a ball in the pond, William. When the pond froze, you could knock the ball out and feed the fish through the hole!
READER'S VOICE
NEXT DAY—
I took your advice, Readers.



# HORACE COPE

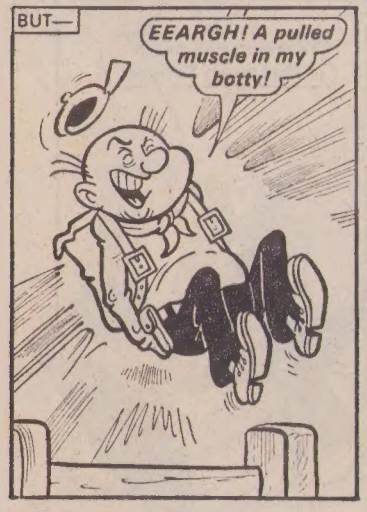
I'm going camping this weekend, Readers. Gran's giving me a free prediction before I go.
MAP

You'll be feeling under the weather tomorrow.

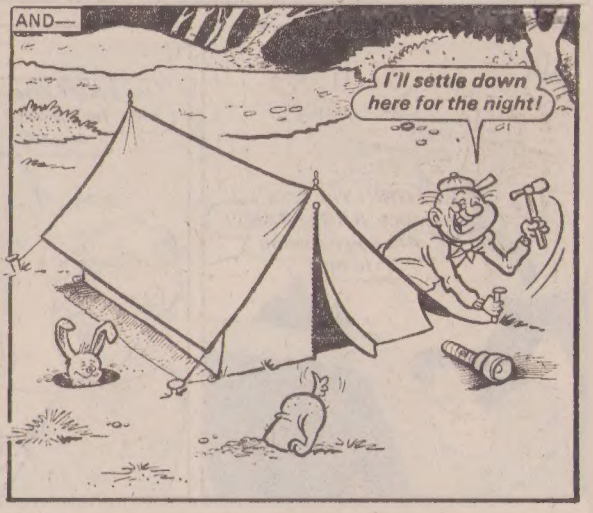
NEXT DAY—
Wonder what kind of illness I'll GET?

It might be athlete's foot . . .

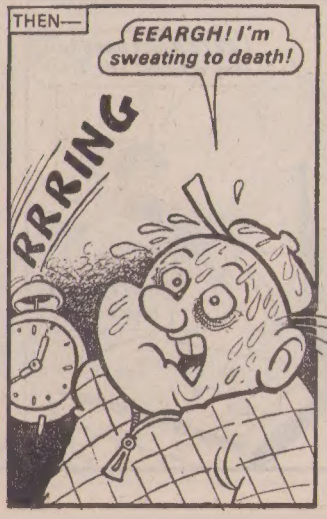
SOON—
Gran must've been wrong. This country air can only be good for you!

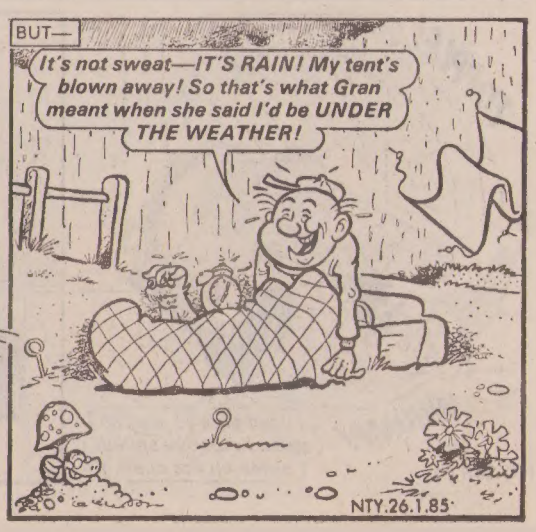

BUT—
EEARGH! A pulled muscle in my botty!

TCH! It was only my keys.


AND—
I'll settle down here for the night!

Help me, Doctor! I've only got sixty seconds to live!
Hmm! I'll need a minute to think about THIS!
BAD DREAM—


THEN—
EEARGH! I'm sweating to death!
RRRING

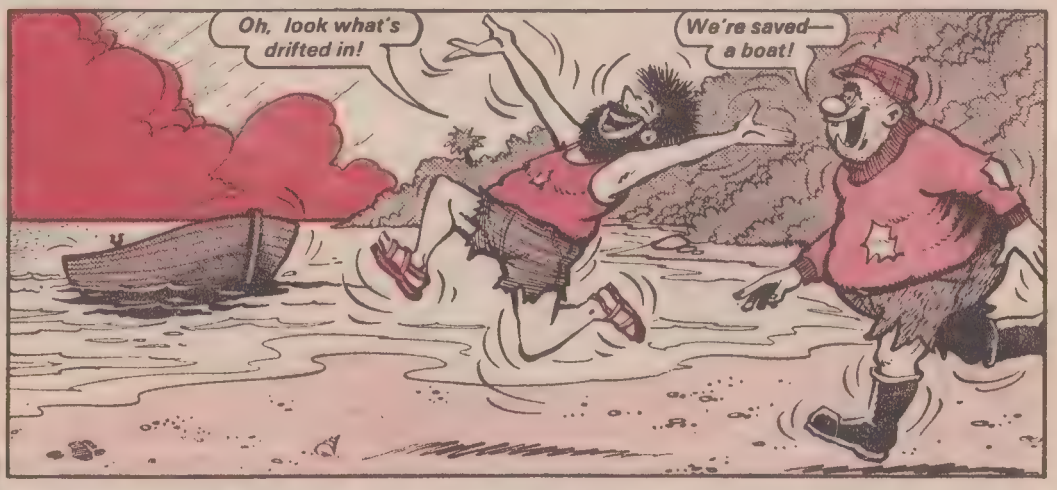

BUT—
It's not sweat—IT'S RAIN! My tent's blown away! So that's what Gran meant when she said I'd be UNDER THE WEATHER!
NTY.26.1.85

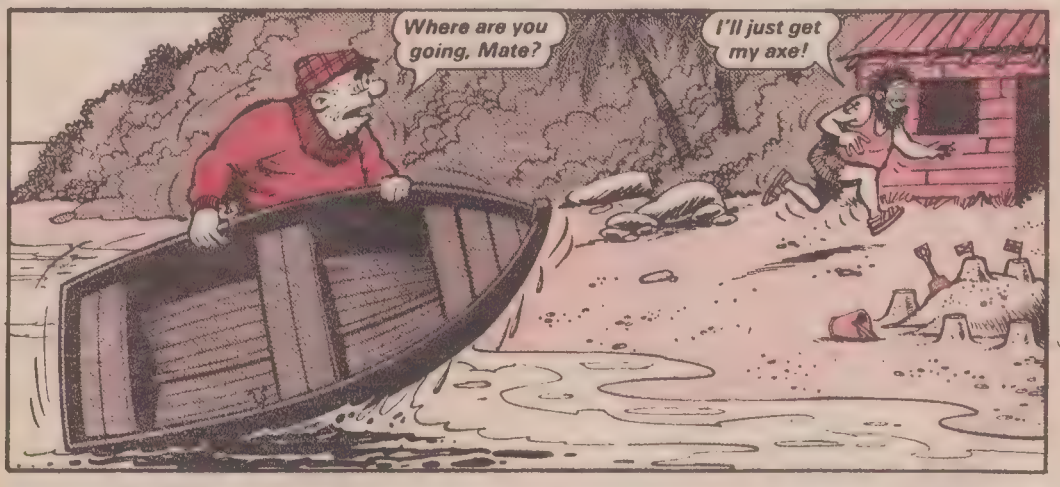
ZZZZ
SNOOZER
BANG! BANG!
BY JOVE! That's a change from the sound of snoozing—Snoozer must be busy for once.
Well, Snoozer, what have you made?
A rocking chair, Dad.
OH, NO! He's made it out of our best armchair.
I can do you one as well if you like.
I don't believe it. I think I prefer him asleep.
OOYAH! You meant that, Snoozer.
WOOPS!
BOOT!
ROCK
GRR! You little menace. RAGE! RANT! Are you listening to me?
He's NOT listening to me—he's sound asleep already!
SNORE!
Wake up and get out of that chair, Snoozer.
TOPPLE!
AAGH! He's glued into the chair.
WHUMP!
I used glue as well as nails. I must've spilled some on the chair.
ZZ! I'll just have to stay where I am, Dad.
Grr! I'm not beaten yet.
HO! HO! That ROCKING chair will keep him awake.
BLARE!
BLAST!
EEK! Loud ROCK music. I prefer a good lullaby. HELP!

NTY.26.1.85

# NUTTY TALES

We're marooned, Shipmate! We'll never get off this desert island!
Oh, shiver me timbers!
FRIDAY WUZ 'ERE


Oh, look what's drifted in!
We're saved— a boat!


Where are you going, Mate?
I'll just get my axe!

We've now got the wood to make a raft!
Oh, silly me! I wish I'd thought of that!
NTY.26.1.85

# BANANA

This plate's had a school dinner on it—the deadliest poison on Earth!

But have no fear, Chief, you go to bed. I'll scoff a 'nana and do all your duties for you.

BOM!

Before I go, Chief, I've a little present for you . . .

I hope it's a teddy bear.

. . . No! It's a PANDA! See you!

No, wait! Use the—

—Door! Well, they say fresh air is good for you.

This police work is as easy as taking the trousers off a gentleman from the north of Scotland.

MEANWHILE—

Right, Heavy Mob. The police are ill and 'nanabonce is busy, so go rob all the banks.

Okay, General!

Hark! That's the police station phone and I'm the stand-in operator—got to go!

This is the police, well actually it is Bananaman. You see I'm blah-blah . . .

I'd like to report a robbery . . .

I'd like to report a robbery too!

And me!

Trying to connect you!

Hello?

Hello?

Excuse me. I'm a bit tied up at the moment.

MEANWHILE—

How did the robberies go, Boys?

Great, Eddie! We've got away with it.

Oh, no you've not! Bananaman's here!

Well if it isn't the blue buffoon himself!

Let's get him!

OOF!

OUCH!

You can't fight me! I'm impervable, er—invulrious, er—STRONG!

LATER—

There you are, Chief! The jail's jam-packed!

That's not all that's JAMMED!

The switchboard's JAMMED! The traffic's JAMMED!

OOPS!

And now I'm gonna JAM my fist in your hooter!

Hold on, Chief! You can't hit a sick man.

But you're not sick.

I will be—after I've eaten this school dinner.

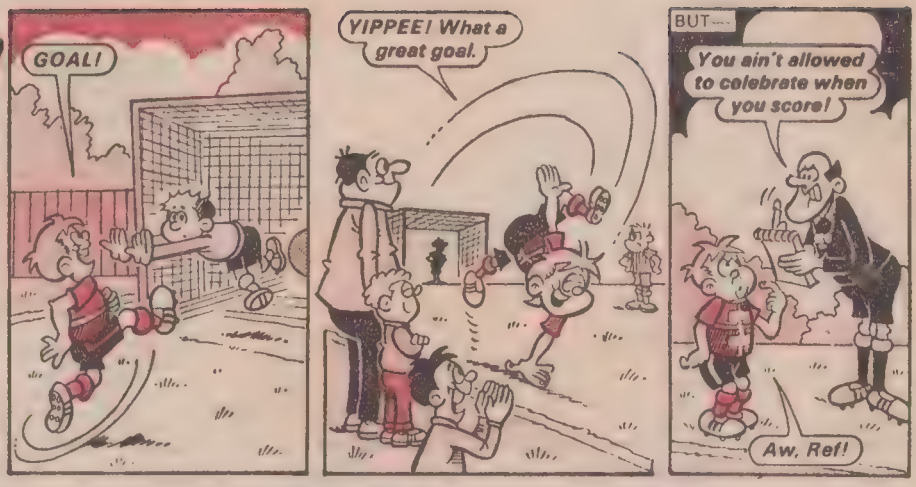
Poisoned dinners have no effect on me either.

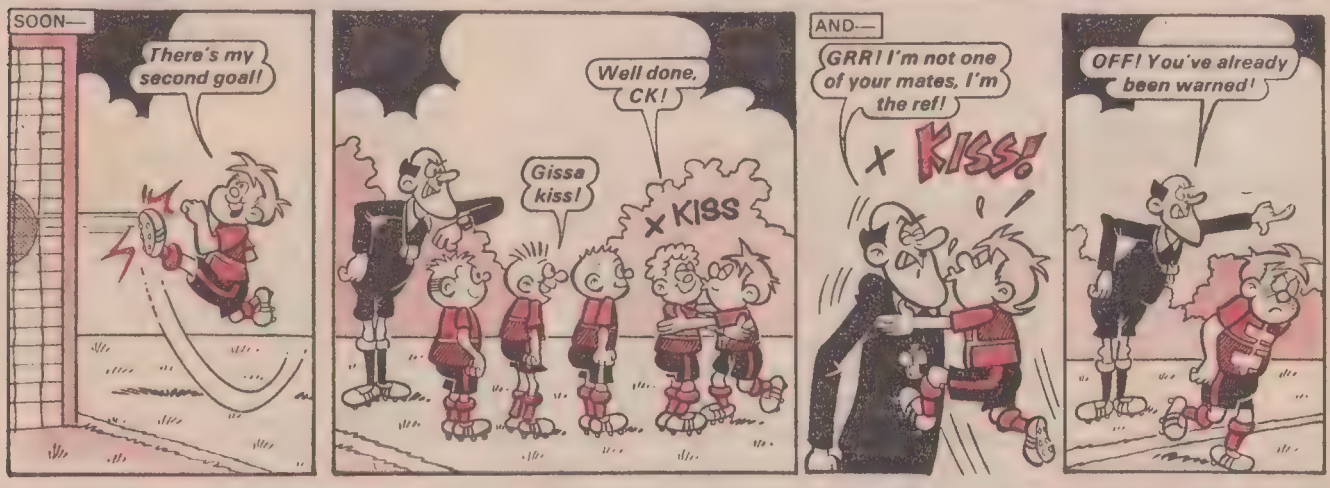
Come back, you bad person you!

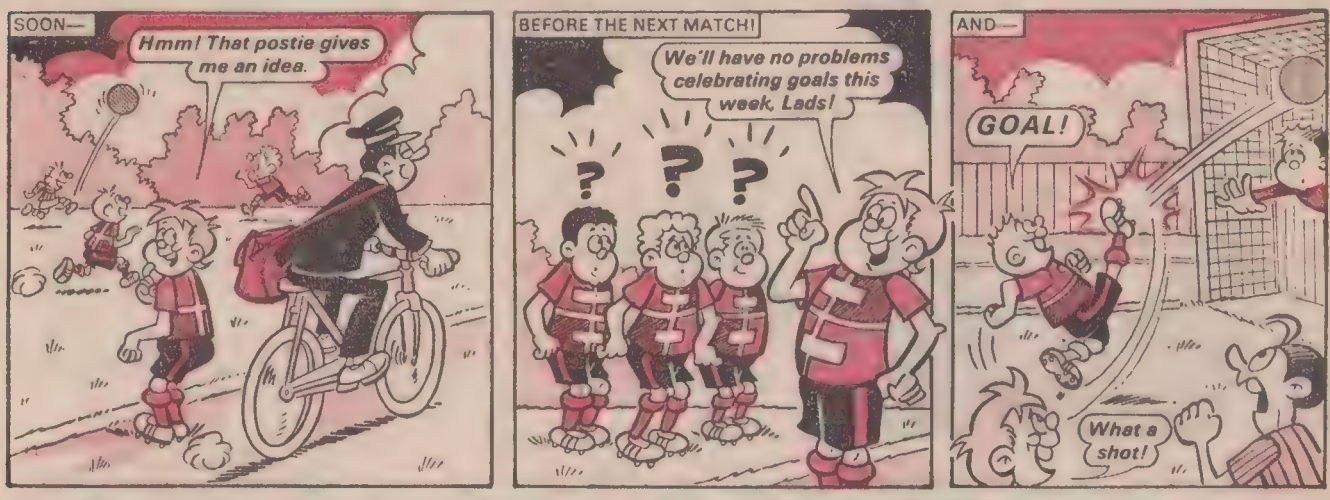
NTY.26.1.85

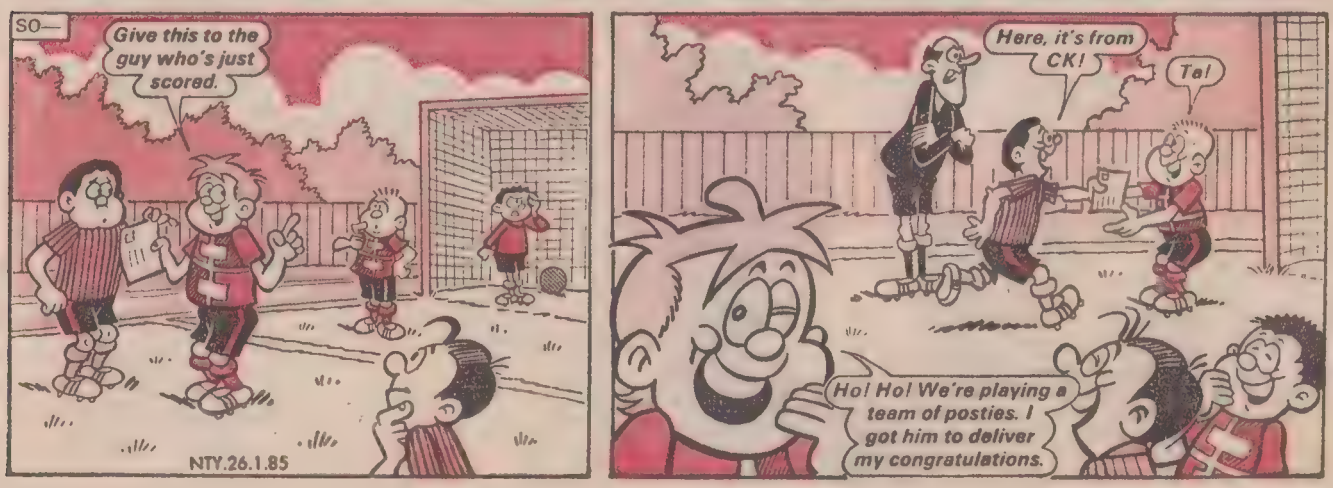
# Cannonball Kid

HE'S FOOTBALL CRAZY

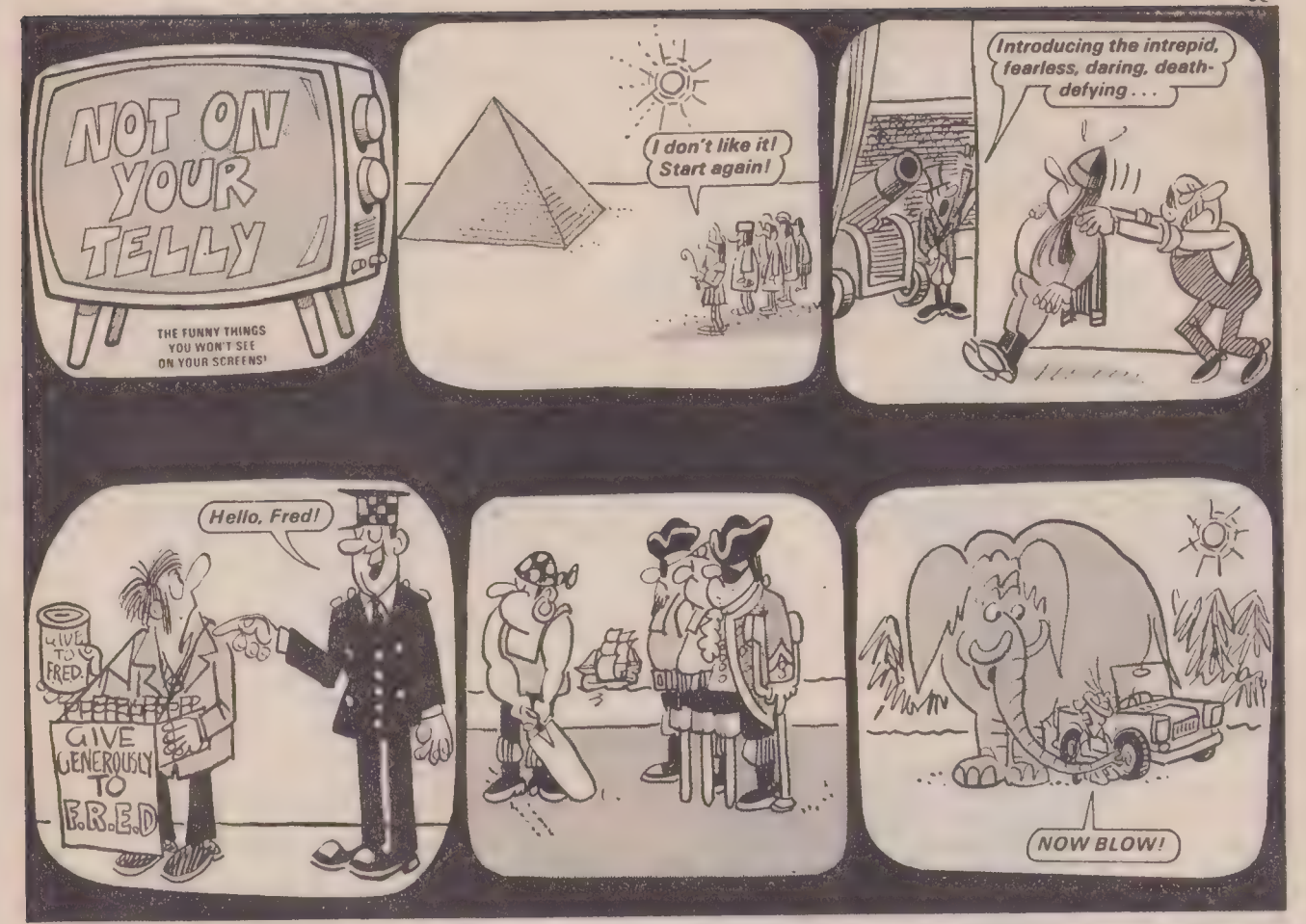




SO—
Give this to the guy who's just scored.
Here, it's from CK!
Ta!
Ho! Ho! We're playing a team of posties. I got him to deliver my congratulations.

NTY.26.1.85


NOT ON YOUR TELLY
THE FUNNY THINGS YOU WON'T SEE ON YOUR SCREENS!
I don't like it! Start again!
Introducing the intrepid, fearless, daring, death-defying . . .
Hello, Fred!
GIVE TO FRED
GIVE GENEROUSLY TO F.R.E.D
NOW BLOW!

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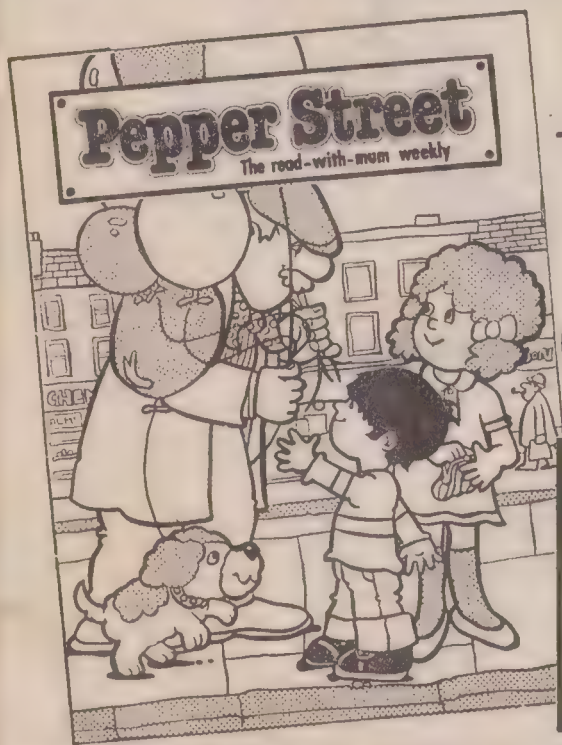
Hey! Tell your little brother or sister about . . .

**Pepper Street**




The **new** read-with-mum weekly.

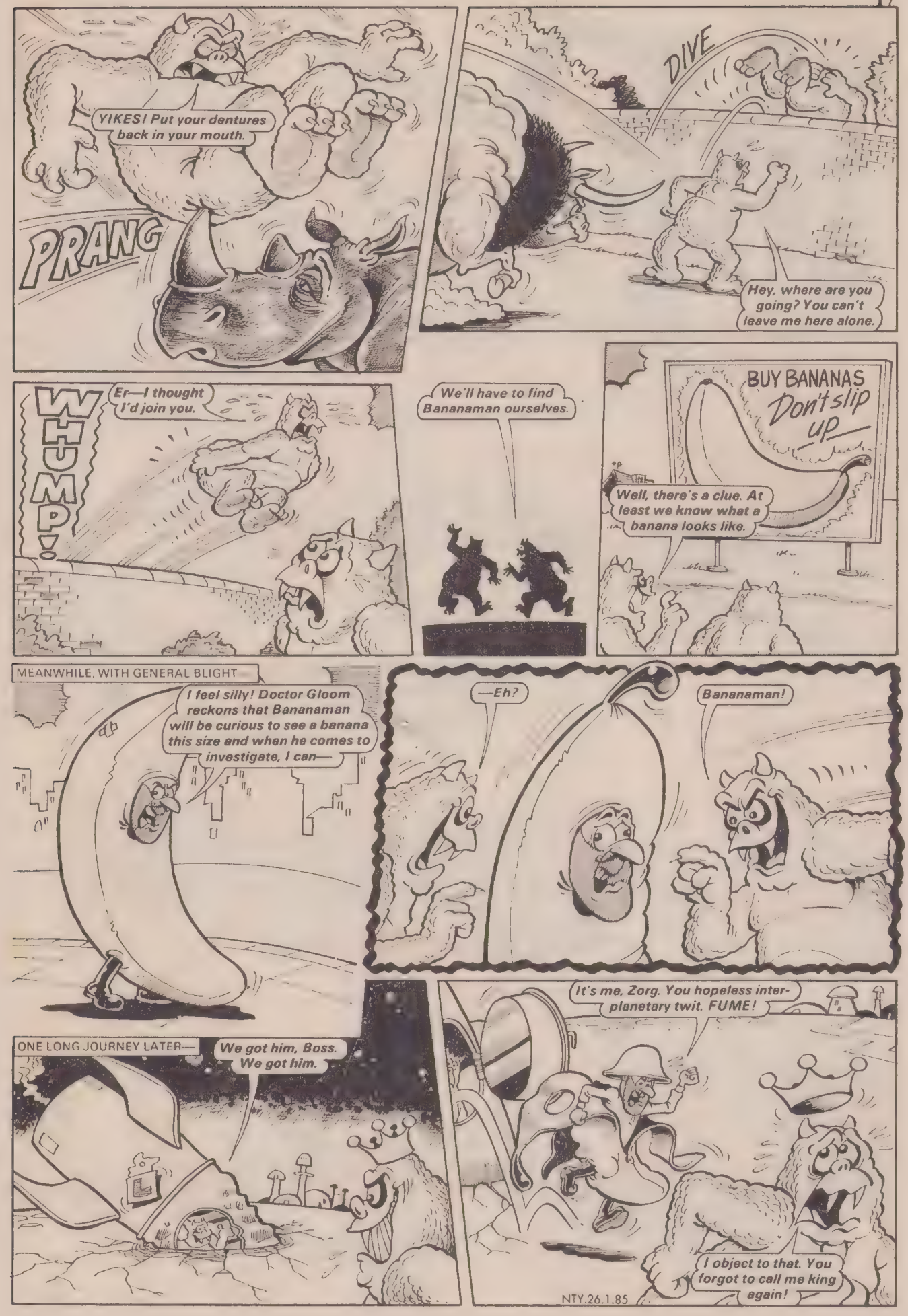
**FREE in No.2**

This special **Pepper Street** **Patch-a-Picture Book**

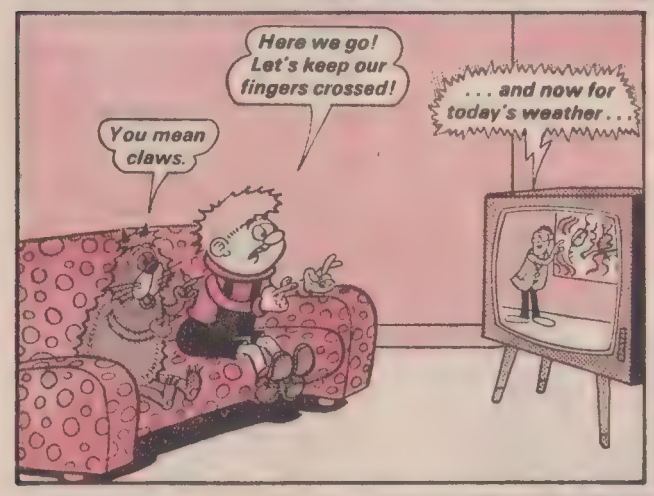
**Now on sale.** ( ISSUE DATED JANUARY 26 )

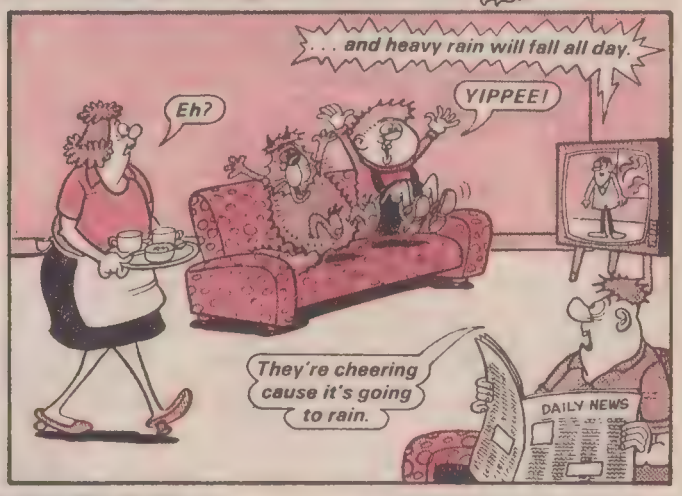
**25p**

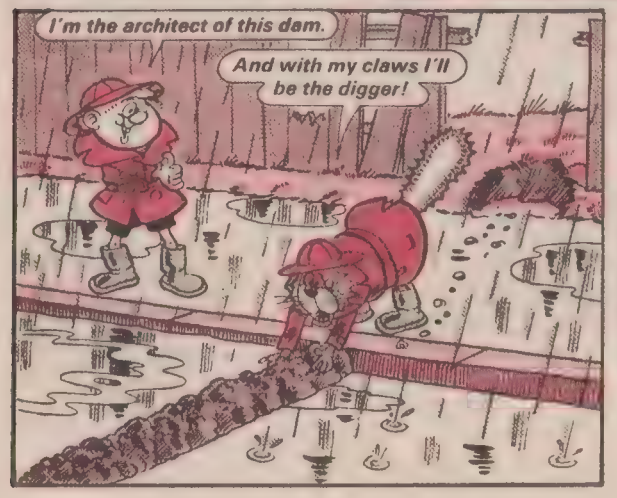
THE NERKS
All our attempts to get Bananaman have failed, Zorg. It's time you lot tried to get him again.
Okay! And it's KING Zorg to you!
SO—
As new recruits to the Nerk Flying Squad, your first mission is to bring Bananaman back from Planet Earth.
Planet Earth? Great, I've never been there!
We'll send you a postcard.
HMM! I hope I've done the right thing.
I wonder what Earthlings look like?
We'll soon find out. We're approaching Planet Earth now.
EARLY MORNING AT WHIPSNADE ZOO—
Touchdown!
WOWEE! These Earthlings are all different shapes!
SO—
Take me to your Bananaman.
SMACK!
COO! Not a very friendly race.
THUMP!
Hello! How come you've got such a long nose?
EEARGH! LEGGO!
He's got a nose for trouble!
HURL!
WHOOOOSH!
NTY 26 1 85

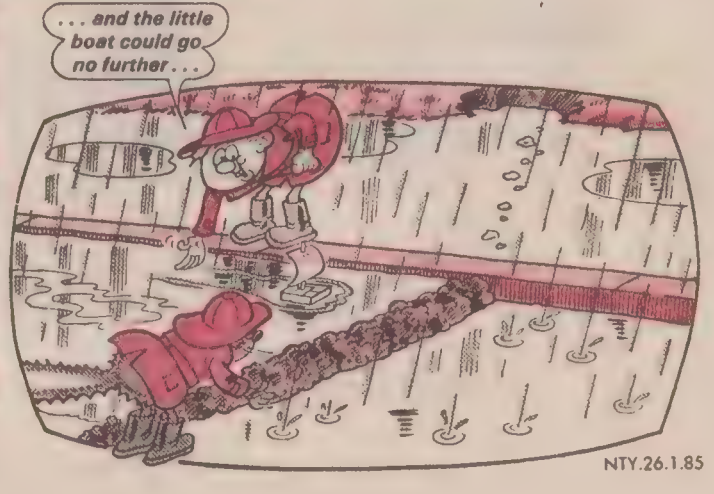

YIKES! Put your dentures back in your mouth.
PRANG
DIVE
Hey, where are you going? You can't leave me here alone.
WHUMP!
Er—I thought I'd join you.
We'll have to find Bananaman ourselves.
BUY BANANAS
Don't slip up
Well, there's a clue. At least we know what a banana looks like.
MEANWHILE, WITH GENERAL BLIGHT
I feel silly! Doctor Gloom reckons that Bananaman will be curious to see a banana this size and when he comes to investigate, I can—
—Eh?
Bananaman!
ONE LONG JOURNEY LATER—
We got him, Boss. We got him.
It's me, Zorg. You hopeless inter-planetary twit. FUME!
I object to that. You forgot to call me king again!
NTY.26.1.85

# NIP and RRIP



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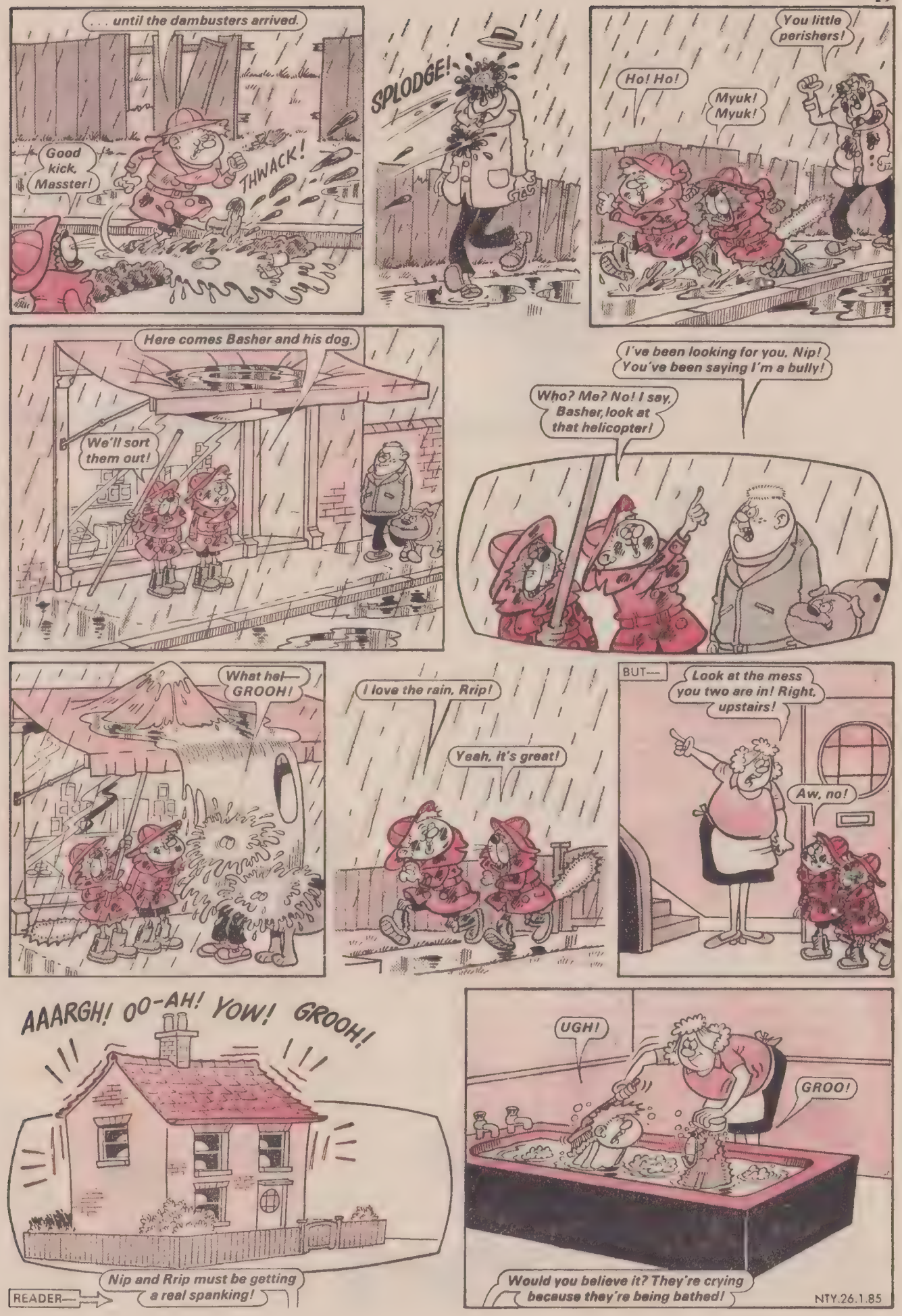
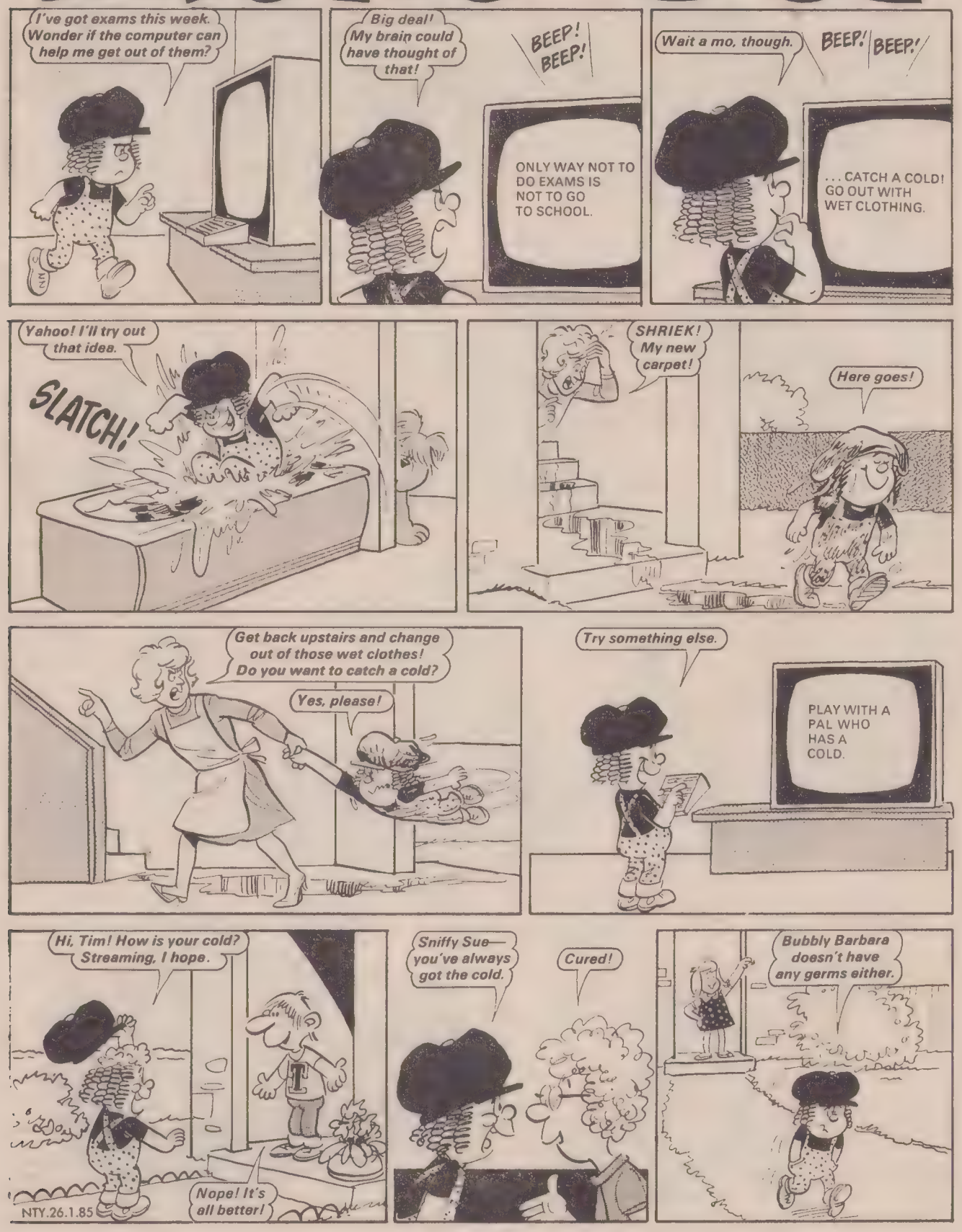
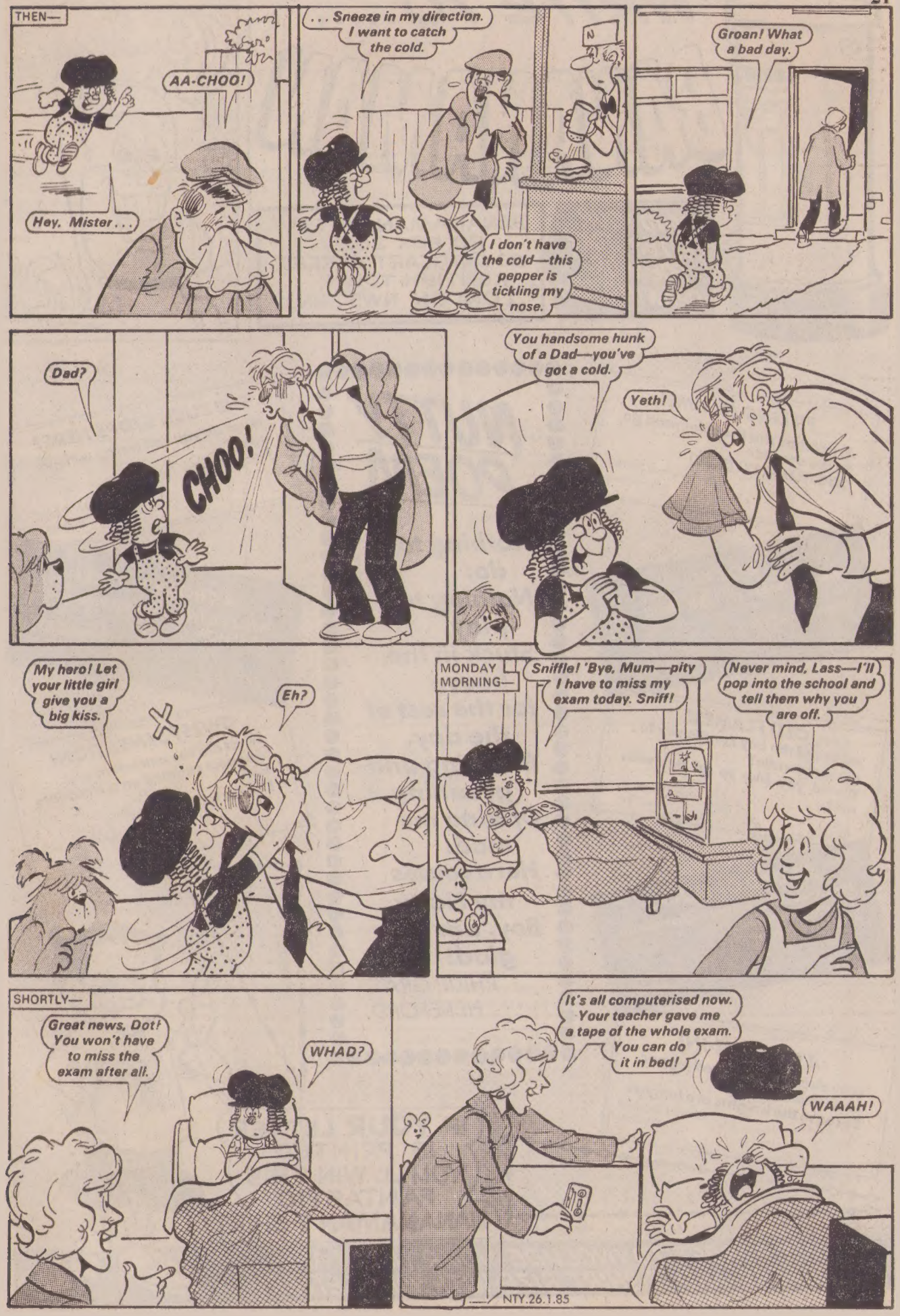

. . . until the dambusters arrived.
Good kick, Masster!
THWACK!
SPLODGE!
You little perishers!
Ho! Ho!
Myuk! Myuk!
Here comes Basher and his dog.
We'll sort them out!
I've been looking for you, Nip! You've been saying I'm a bully!
Who? Me? No! I say, Basher, look at that helicopter!
What hel— GROOH!
I love the rain, Rrip!
Yeah, it's great!
BUT—
Look at the mess you two are in! Right, upstairs!
Aw, no!
AAARGH! OO-AH! YOW! GROOH!
Nip and Rrip must be getting a real spanking!
READER—
UGH!
GROO!
Would you believe it? They're crying because they're being bathed!
NTY.26.1.85

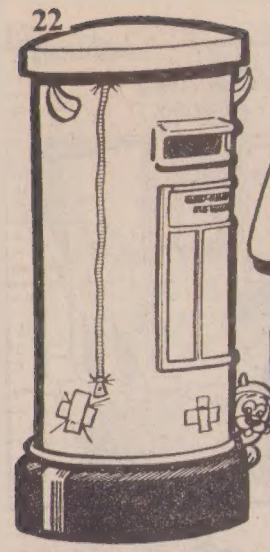
# MICRODOT


I've got exams this week. Wonder if the computer can help me get out of them?
Big deal! My brain could have thought of that!
BEEP! BEEP!
ONLY WAY NOT TO DO EXAMS IS NOT TO GO TO SCHOOL.
Wait a mo, though.
BEEP! BEEP!
... CATCH A COLD! GO OUT WITH WET CLOTHING.
Yahoo! I'll try out that idea.
SLATCH!
SHRIEK! My new carpet!
Here goes!
Get back upstairs and change out of those wet clothes! Do you want to catch a cold?
Yes, please!
Try something else.
PLAY WITH A PAL WHO HAS A COLD.
Hi, Tim! How is your cold? Streaming, I hope.
Nope! It's all better!
NTY.26.1.85
Sniffy Sue— you've always got the cold.
Cured!
Bubbly Barbara doesn't have any germs either.


THEN—
AA-CHOO!
Hey. Mister...
... Sneeze in my direction. I want to catch the cold.
I don't have the cold—this pepper is tickling my nose.
Groan! What a bad day.
Dad?
CHOO!
You handsome hunk of a Dad—you've got a cold.
Yeth!
My hero! Let your little girl give you a big kiss.
Eh?
MONDAY MORNING—
Sniffle! 'Bye, Mum—pity I have to miss my exam today. Sniff!
Never mind, Lass—I'll pop into the school and tell them why you are off.
SHORTLY—
Great news, Dot! You won't have to miss the exam after all.
WHAD?
It's all computerised now. Your teacher gave me a tape of the whole exam. You can do it in bed!
WAAAH!
NTY.26.1.85

# WRITE TO.....

# BANANAMAN



SEND YOUR LETTER, JOKE, POEM OR DRAWING TO—

BANANAMAN, 'NUTTY,'
P.O. BOX 263,
20 CATHCART STREET,
KENTISH TOWN,
LONDON NW5 3BN.

## FILLING IN TIME!

**What time did the chinaman go to the dentist?**
**TOOTH HURTY! (2.30)**

*Michael Porter, Stockport.*

## DOZY!

**Where does all the fruit go to sleep?**
**In an apri-COT!**

*Gareth Pierce, Holyhead.*

## OLD FLAMES!

**What did the boy candle say to the girl candle?**
**Would you like to go out with me?**

*Scott Campbell, Renfrew.*

## A LOAD OF MUCK!

**What was the farmer's favourite TV programme?**
**The HAY team!**

*Stephen Harmer, St. Albans.*

## A LONG LIE-IN!

**Why does a castle need bigger beds in the winter?**
**Because the knights are longer!**

*Charles Stanley, London.*

## NUTTY POEM

***Nothing to do,***
***Nothing to play,***
***Stuck in the house***
***for the rest of the day.***
***Moaning and groaning.***
***Driving me mad.***
***Here comes my Nutty,***
***Boy, am I glad!***

*PHILIP GRAY, HEREFORD.*

## THE BUCK STOPS HERE?

**What do you call a stag with no eyes?**
**No-eye-deer (No idea!)**

*Michael Starkey, Chester.*

## A CROAKY JOKE!

**What's a frog's favourite sweet?**
**A lolliHOP!**

*Richard Sutton, Royston.*

## SWEET SENSATION!

**What did the astronaut say when he stepped on a chocolate bar?**
**I've set foot on Mars!**

*Jennifer Everall, Walsall.*

IF YOUR LETTER IS PRINTED YOU'LL WIN THIS FANTASTIC BANANAMAN T-SHIRT!

DON'T FORGET TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND T-SHIRT SIZE WITH YOUR LETTER—

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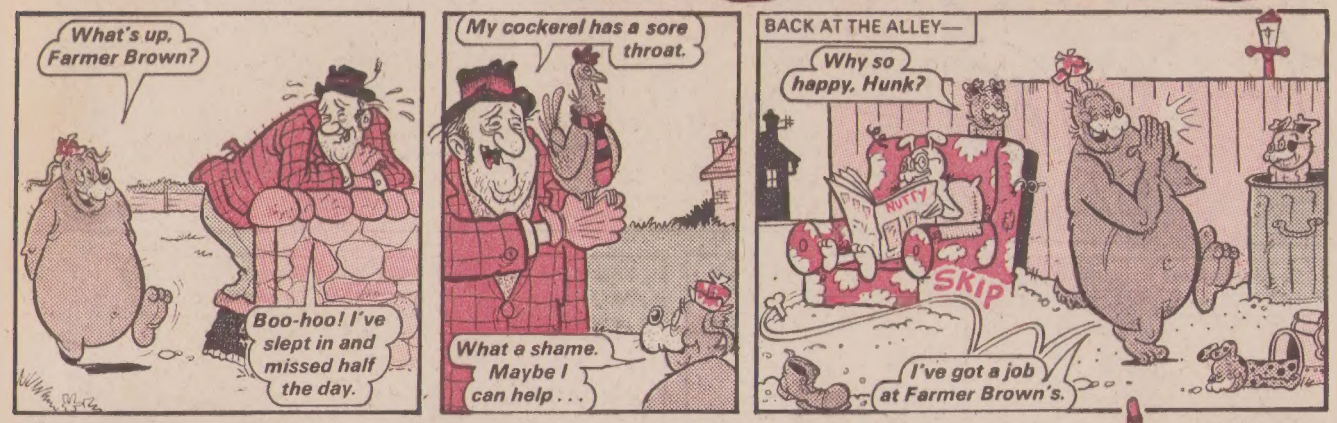
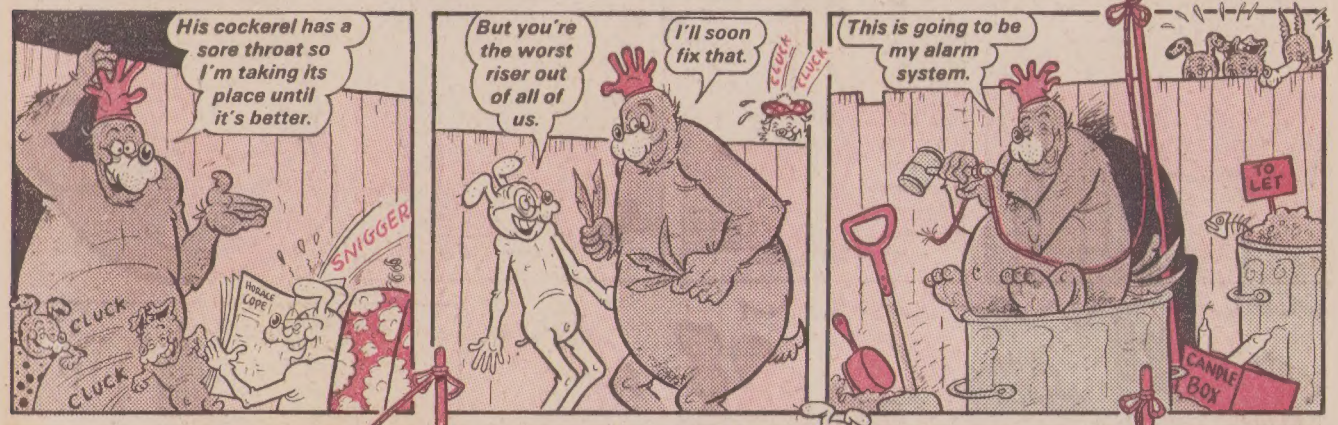
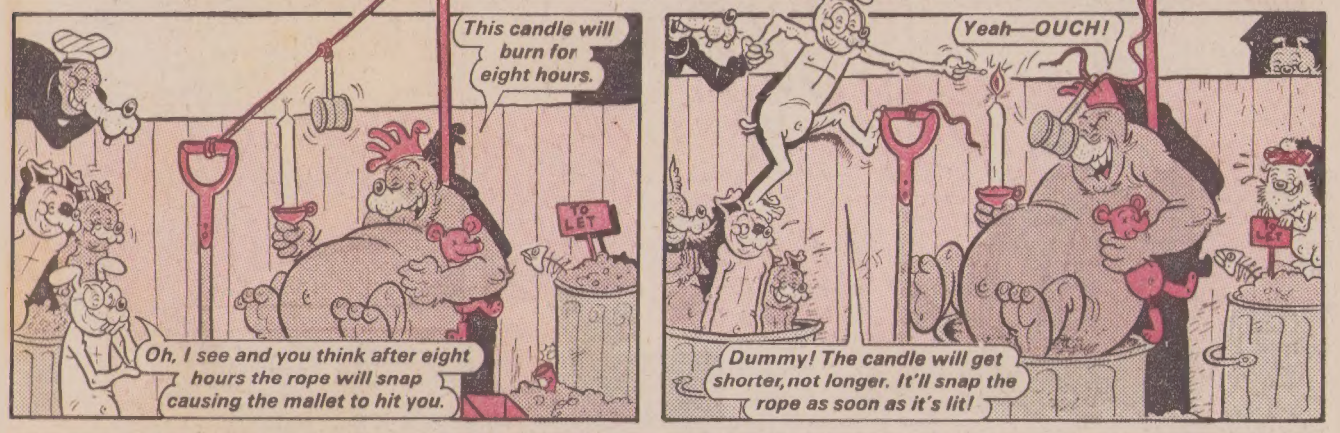
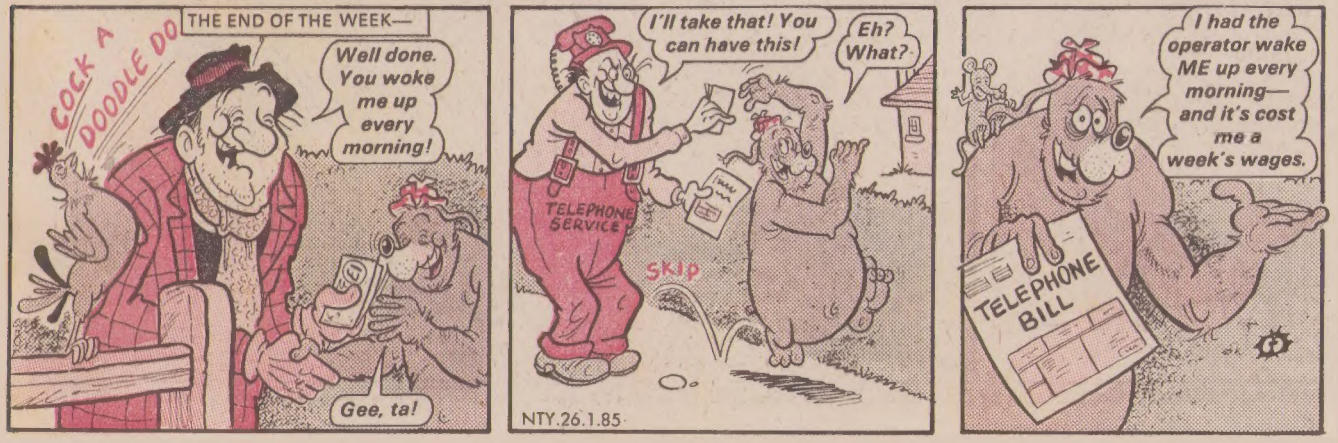
# THE WILD ROVERS


What's up, Farmer Brown?
Boo-hoo! I've slept in and missed half the day.
My cockerel has a sore throat.
What a shame. Maybe I can help . . .
BACK AT THE ALLEY—
Why so happy, Hunk?
NUTTY
SKIP
I've got a job at Farmer Brown's.





This candle will burn for eight hours.
TO LET
Oh, I see and you think after eight hours the rope will snap causing the mallet to hit you.
Yeah—OUCH!
Dummy! The candle will get shorter, not longer. It'll snap the rope as soon as it's lit!


COCK A DOODLE DO
THE END OF THE WEEK—
Well done. You woke me up every morning!
Gee, ta!
I'll take that! You can have this!
Eh? What?
TELEPHONE SERVICE
SKIP
NTY.26.1.85
I had the operator wake ME up every morning— and it's cost me a week's wages.
TELEPHONE BILL

CUDDLES
'AT'S ME!
'Lo, Readers!
This new baby carrier is super.
Chuckle! Cuddles looks like a little Red Indian baby. How cute! Sigh!
Stoopid squaw!
Little Red Indians ain't cute . . .
TWANG!
Yeek!
. . . they are naughty!
Titter! Me pranged the sheriff.
SNARL!
Wanna hear a real Indian war-cry?
YANK!
BOWL!
Good, eh?
Looks like rain—lucky I brought my brolly.
Dad be an Indian too.
PAISY IS TAKING NOTES ON HOW TO BE NAUGHTY!
CLICK!
Squawk!
This is um rain dance.
HOP! HOP! HOP!
Do you know what happened to baddies in the wild west?
They hanged 'em high, Boy! Bye! Bye!
Old fogey! Lemme down!

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